THE BANNER SERIES OF SELECTED SHORT STORIES

THE GOOD ANGEL

By OCTAVE THANET

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WERE a house party spending a few days at Roger's country house at Highland Park. Though Roger is a Chicago lawyer, he was born many an evening over a bowl of genuine Virginian eggnog. A noble fire blazed up Roger's Colonial chimney, as generous, if not so crooked, as his ancestor's chimneys in Berkeley Manor; and we could, did we choose, rest our eyes from its blinding splendor by a search through the dusk and the moonlit night outside the window-panes, until the vast dark bulk of the lake shaped

itself out of the incessant moan of its surf on the beach. Somehow our talk, which had started lightly nough amid dead-and-gone Virginian revels, sank into a sombre mood, and presently we were discussing not an occasional misatep over, the bounds of temperance, but the black problem of drunkenness itself.

The judge had a high opinion of the Kocley cure, but the doctor believed in legislation, backed by a good, stiff sentence in prison. Roger had listened, sayig nothing, but puffing away at that brierwood pipe of his that he smokes whenever he is under the protection of his own household gods. At last he removed the pipe and poised it in air, with the manner of one about to speak. We all listened, for Roger does not often discourse out of court; and when he does, he is likely to have something to say. Besides, Roger is the

best fellow in the world.

"I have nothing to say against the Keeley cure,"
said Roger in his soft, deliberative tones. "No doubt
it helps some men mightly, and that is not saying
that the doctor here cannot give just as good a hypodermic as they give at Dwight; there is the contagion
of sympathy and the influence of faith to be taken.

Those is some for in what into account, you know. There is sense, too, in what Ben" (waving the pipe at the doctor) "has to say about fear as a deterrent, and I dare say many fellows have been reformed through their affections, which is the pleasing theory of the ladies. My own impression is that each case has a possible cure, if we could only find it. I know a man who was scared into reform, and another man who reformed neither from fear nor favor, but principally, I think, because he saw the odionsness of his own vice in another man's actions. That was a queer case."

You mean Jimmy?" said the judge. Roger, your wife isn't here, and we are all in the famlly; tell us about Jimmy."

"Patty wouldn't mind, I know. Tell them, Roger,"

said his sister. So, in the end, Roger did tell us. He rubbed the shining top of his head, from which his brown curis are receding; his kind, keen eyes con-tracted absently; he sighed and began. "My first acquaintance with Jimmy," said Roger,

oes back to a period that makes me feel my age, for (was old enough to be in Harvard Law School and limmy was in knickerbockers. I found him in a high seat of a circus in Chicago, exulting in the dangers of eze. He had made friends with a newsboy-that tender age Jimmy's perilous sociability was in full bloom-and they were exchanging en 'My!' squeals Jimmy, 'ain't she a daring lady' your mamma dare do that? Mine wouldn't!' the is your mamma?' said I, we being already on

teruis of camaraderie, thanks to the balmy influences r peanuts and pink lemonade. Jimmy answored panity: Oh, my mamma is Mrs. James Cunningham, and I ain't got any papa, and we don't live in Chicago. but we're visiting my Aunt Sue, and Ralph wouldn't take me to the circus, so I ran away.' I surmised that his mother was dragging all the cisterns and harassthe police about him by this time, and I wheedled him into giving me the street number, and the upshot of the incident was I returned him to his mother that afternoon. That is how I became acquainted with the Cunninghams. I have falt a sneaking obligation to Jimmy ever since. There were only Patty and Jimmy in the family. I married Patty. Mr. Cunningham left his fortune unconditionally to his wife. There was half a million dollars—enough to spoil a boy; not enough to fill him with the sense of obligation that sometimes a great fortune will bring. It did spoil Jimmy. He was at my wedding, the sweetest little golden-haired angel in blue volvet you ever saw. And after the wedding breakfast, while Patty was trying to consolo her mother, he tied an old shoe full of rice to the bridal carriage, and then confiscated a bottle of the bridge carriage, and then confiscated a bottle champagne to cheer some choice friend of his waiting in the stable, and contrived during the revel to tumble out of the second-story window and break his collarbone, which his mother thought was punishment

'I didn't, but I was too new to the family circle to "I didn't, but I was too new to the inimity circle to be loud in my opinions. I didn't hear very much more of Jimmy that year until he get into a mess at school, and, the master being a friend of mine, I had to beg the young rascal out of his just deserts. Naturally, after that it fell to me to pull Master Jim out of het water as a regular job. I must say it was a pretty ready job, too. He was expelled from two schools, where he had been so compliant had he returned home. where he had been so popular that he returned home with a miscellany of tokens of regret in the shape of broken pocket knives, old cravats, a revolver without any cartridges and three trained mice. It was Mrs. Cunningham's notion to have a tutor for him. Digby was an innocent young fellow in training for a clergyman. He was so innocent that Jim worked his sprees off on him as malaria. Like every one else, he grew fond of Jimmy; and Jimmy liked him so much that he borrowed money to buy Digby a gold watch when they parted. He taught poor Digby draw poker, and, when the malaria wasn't loo bad. Digby taught him the classics. Really, Digby year; but you couldn't blame his tutor for that.

Then Ralph took Jimmy into the business, just as I beginning to fear Mrs. Cunningham would regard law as the best reform for a wild young man, and

"Poor Ralph kept Jim a year. Then he came to me very solemnly and told me about the Keeley cure, and sure it would make a man of Jim.

'Well, I should not like to offer Jim's case in disparagement of the Dwight work. He offered a bet it wouldn't cure him; and only went, as he expressed it, 'to oblige

worst thing about Jim was that he liked his evi ways. He was the most unabashed sinner you ever saw, He went through a certain form of penitence when he was getting over a fit of intoxication; but he announced

deference to the morbid sensitiveness of his family, he might agree to have rather fewer of them. I assure you, he would argue the matter, cool as a darky with a chicken under his hat. It was a redceming trait of my a Virginian, and we recalled gentleman that he wasn't a little bit of a hypocrite. 'You have no idea, Roger, what a glorious sensation it is to let yourself go, says he. You deadly respectable fellows that are forever choking your natural passions and handouffing any instinct that is a bit wild, you don't realise the tremendous exhibaration there is in the gallop.

"At this he swung around in his chair, and says he:

one, nearly killed himself drinking all the stock at once, 'to save it!' Finally, we agreed on a desperate remedy. Well, I was the one to suggest it. We had been having Jimmy with us all summer. I had just built this house then. And, after a month or six weeks of beautiful bohavior, he took the money a confiding client of mine paid him for me, and went to Chicago on a holy terror of a spree. This time I was angry. I don't think, with all the worry and disappointment and the tragedy of the thing, I had been angry before. I don't suppose that I could explain to any one who didn't know Jimmy the extraordinary charm of the fellow. Irresponsible as he and that he was all right, which eased her mind; and t was, you could no more help having your heart move toward him than taking off your coat for the sun-see Aesop's Fables. He had a quick and happy sympathy about him, and a genuine interest in other people, that was irresistible. And while, of course, his perverse gratification of the basest part of him, though it should break his mother's heart, was infernally selfish, he wasn't selfish in little things. I have seen Jim do a hundred vagrant kindnesses that wouldn't occur to most men. But, as I said, this time there was a kind of contempt of our feelings in the performance that rasped me; bealdes, it was a last straw. And Mrs. Cunningham was reluctantly brought to consent to my plan. I funted Jim up in Chicago. A nice time I had doing it; but nover mind that. I found him in a squalld hole. He had pawned the very clothes on his back to the saloonkeeper whose little room he was occupying. Such a room! And Jimmy, who must have perfumed water in his bath and barber of his own! He looked ghastly; his pale face

my mother-in-law. Jimmy? Oh, he kept his word this time, too. There came a short letter to his mother every week for three months. Once during that time, dining with a friend, I thought I saw Jimmy at-well, at a Chicago hotel; he was serving a country client of mine, Helsling by name, and he was placing the dishes and uncorking the wine with all the suave decorum of a veteran, He met my startled gaze without a sign of recognition; but I could not be mistaken. I thought of speaking to him; then I reflected: Better not, Jimmy is at least working hard; better, keep my hands off for a while."

"I told Mrs. Cunningham I knew where Jimmy was, told Patty the truth. She said: 'You let him alone, Roger, and I promised; but the next time I was in Chicago Jimmy appeared at my office. He was well dressed and ontirely sober. His first proceeding was to draw out a little roll of bank notes from his pocket and lay them before me. 'First instalment,' said he.

'Thank you,' said I; 'and how are you getting on?

'Oh, fairly well; but I have a droll sort of job.'

'I dare say you came here to see Reisling?

"'Yes,' said I. 'Are you employed by him?'
"By Mrs. Reisling,' said Jimmy, smiling. 'I'm the
one that advised your being employed. I recommended
you.'

'My errand had to do with Reisling. He was a man who had been living in a neighboring State as some-body's cierk. His habits were so erratic, he had difficulty in keeping his situation. All at once, to this self-inin keeping his situation. All at once, to this self-in-dulgent, unambitious, semi-immoral creatus, there came

"Placing the Dishes and Uncorking the Wine With All the Suave Decorum of a Veteran"

"Well," said Röger's sister, for Roger had paused.
"I told him," answered Roger, "that once in my cole days, when our baseball team won, I had made all the different kinds of an ass of myself, including that; and I had awakened the next morning with my head like a sawmill gone wrong, and my throat like baked leather, and my stomach beneath contempt; had spont several days in cursing myself and paying my bills, and had never repeated the experience.

'That's odd,' said Jimmy, affably; 'I never even have a headache until I get quite done up, you know; and

1 don't think I make an ass of myself.'
"'You do,' I rapped out, 'and a particularly nauscous

one. I wish you could see yourself. But he simply laughed, and asked me to lend him a double X: there was no moving Jimmy. I made every appeal my imagination could suggest. Leven talked about his mother, who was broken hearted over him. Then he lost his temper for the first time. He spoke like a muchinjured man, demanding to know why we allowed Mrs. Cunningham to guess anything about his carousals; didn't he take particular pains, he asked with an all of indignant virtue, to keep them from her? And here was that chump Ralph toddling over to her, or writing every time he was late at the office! And he had always treated Ralph so squarely; always gave him warning when wus going to take a week off; yes, and put off his fun when there was a rush of business, sometimes. Raiph to

"He might have added, though he didn't-Jimmy

wasn't conceited—that sober he was a particularly valua-ble man. He had plenty of energy and plenty of indus-try, and the simon-pure business instinct, which, you know, isn't lying around loose, either. Confound him! I wouldn't ask a better clerk or a better partner, if he would only keep straight,' I have heard Ralph wall a dozen times. There it was: Jimmy would not keep straight. To look at him, with his delicate face and curl-ing hair and pensive eyes, always so trim and dainty in his appearance and so gentlo of manner, you could not suspect him of a dograding vice. And, besides, whon Jimmy was sober, he was so strikingly, so immaculately sober! I don't mean that he didn't touch liquor; that was the wonder of it to some people. He could touch liquor; he could drink moderately, occasionally, like any abste-mious, but not totally abstaining, man, and yet not seem tempted by his moderate drinking. And he would walk for months in the paths of temperance-until the next time. Suddenly, the desire, or the weariness of tem-perance, or, call it what you will, the thing would be on him, and he would drink and drink for days, him, and he would drink and drink and drink, for cays, for weeks, until the physical power to keep liquor in him left him, or until he was raving in delirium. And the clean, decent follow would be as neglected and degraded looking a sot as ever rolls in the gutter. It was pretty had for the women, I tell you. Well, never mind that part. I won't enlarge, either, on our efforts to reform Jimmy. We tried all the approved schemes. We sent him at great expense to a ranch, from which he returned with mysterious bullet wound and a dark suspicion of having shot some one too magnanimous to press his claims. Jimmy bought him off with a thousand dollars; he was thrifty, as well as magnanimous, and Jimmy was a generous soul, never niggardly with his mother's money. Another venture of ours was to dispatch James to the lakes with a tried and true temperance captain. This ended very sadly, because Jimmy smuggled an assortment of liquors on board, enough to last a long cruise;

smouthed with a week-old beard and a big strip of black plaster on his forehead, that didn't hide a half-healed out. But he gave me a most unrepentant grin, that sent all my pity flying. Hope you brought a cab with you, says he, easy as a soda fountain. I felt myself growing warm; but I motlored the messenger with me to put a large Gladstone that he was carrying on the cleanest-looking chair, and I replied in the same tone. In that bag, said I, 'are some clothes. They are not swell clothes, such as you are used to wear, and they will not fetch much at a pawnshop; but they are clean and whole, and suitable to a man who has to earn his living. That is you in future. If you will but on those clothes, I have a cab outside, and we will go to a private hospital, where your hoard will be paid until you are strong again. Then the doctor will buy you a ticket and give you a sum of money, and horevoil will have to depend on yourself. For we are done, Jimmy'-1 did think of calling him James to be imdone, Jimmy —I and think of chang in states to do in the pressive, you know; but there was a twinkle in his eye, unshorn, ill and shabby as he was, and I hadn't the nerve to try James on-yes, we are quite done; and, if you get into any more trouble, you will have to get out by your-

"I hardly was prepared for Jimmy's reply. "I guess you have hit on a good notion, said he, rubbing the stubble on his cheek with an air of impartial meditation, precisely as if he were some one else; 'anyhow, it is worth trying. Say, you don't expect me to stay out in the cold indefinitely, do you? The fatted calf oughtn't to get past veal! It is a period of probation, isn't it; say, a year? You are an awfully good fellow, Roger; but you nover were original, and this plan of yours is usually a year. Let's make it a year. By the way, don't you think it money of yours that I-ah, anticipated-back in installike the honest boy in the First Reader who

breaks the plate-glass window?"
"I said that it might be a little comfort to his mother "I said that it might be a little comfort to his mother, "'I dare say, the dear old mater has hopes of me yet,' said he. 'You will have a deuce of a time, Roger, keeping her from flying the track and sending me supplies on the sly. But I'll help you out, old man. Don't get discouraged.' And, I give you my word, the scamp patted me on the back. I packed him into his clothes and took him away. On the way to the hospital he was neither sullen nor depressed. In fact, to my shame be it speken, he gave me an account of life among the lowly salcons that was so funny I was langhing when we drew up bethat was so funny I was laughing when we drew up be-fore the hospital, and I saw the acctor come golemniy out to hand Jimmy down. Now, here's a great moral prob-lem: Why do'we weakly forgive anusing reprobates so much more readily than the equally undeserving who much more readily than the equally undeserving who don't amuse us? Jimmy's funny stories disarmed me. I am ashamed to say I sent him another suit of clothes and a hox of my beat Henry Clays (the predilectos, S. S. P., —Judge-Jimmy liked those), and privately doubled the fund in the dector's hands. If I could be such a weakilus, you may fancy I felt pretty shaky about Mrs. Cunningham. But Jimmy was as good as his word. A week later his mother received a letter. It explained that he had not gone away from Chicago, having procured 'an honest, though not brilliant, job in the city; the doctor would return the money for his ticket. He would write every Sunday. Roger had left him plenty of clothes, and she was not to worry; and, with all his faults, he loved her still.' It is wonderful what a comfort that letter was to my mother-in-law. Well, I believe she has it tucked away in the leaves of her Bible yet. I am very fond of

a great fortune from a Californian uncie. Reisting simply lost his head; he went all to bits. The money began to fly in huge chunks to sharpers of all kinds, and his wife—he was married—took fright. She and one sister were his nearest relations. By the laws of his State, a spendthrift who drinks to excess may have a guardian appointed to take charge of his property. The guardian has other powers of extensive nature, one being the right to send his ward to an asylum for treatment. I had won a case involving some Chicago property-rather & neat case-and somehow they had an exaggerated idea of my services, Mrs. Reisling especially. She was a good sort, although not always discreet. Now s advise her. No doubt, Jimmy increased her confid But what was Jimmy doing with the Reislings? I asked

laughed his old, ringing, jolly laugh. He had the sweetest

Well, you may laugh, says he; 'dear boy, I am no longer a waiter. I am a moral constable and aniateur guardian of the family altar, good luck to it! I'm keeping

How did you get the job? said I.

"'Most natural thing in the world,' said he. 'The Reislings came to our hotel, and I had to steer Reisling nestings came to our note, and I had to steer restants upstairs. One time I saved him from taking a good tumble. They were there a month; he wouldn't go home, and she wouldn't go without him; and so she got into the way of rather depending on mo. She thinks I am a good young man because I take off my hat to women and amuse chli-dren, and once she saw me going to church. I assured her it wasn't a habit, and that I was not a particularly young man; but she took all that for my modesty, ally, as she came to need me, and as I couldn't get my time when I was a waiter, she induced me to resign and become a gentleman detective. I keep Reisling out of all the mischief I can, and keep the track of him, gen-erally, if I can't restrain him. I have a very liberal saiary, and I am to have something very handsome, should

I succeed in reforming my charge.'
"To you think it safe for you?" said I, rather dryly,

"Jimmy was not offended; he answered more seriously: Well, yes, Roger, I do. In the first place, I haven't any present inclination for little birds; in the second, I righer take to Mrs. Reisling, who is an awfully good little woman; and so plain you can't help but be sorry for r, and so nice you have to like her; and there is a kid, nice little follow, with something the matter with his —that's why they are here, you know—and, in the third place, I'm interested in the case itself. I think you may depend I shall not run crocked, Rogeri and I'd a little rather you wouldn't show me up to the Reislings. It is a new sensation being respected morally. I give you my word, I'll resign and take myself off to the dogs alone if

word, I'll resign and take myself off to the dogs alone if I feel the bad fit coming.

"It struck me there was something different about Jimmy. I couldn't put my finger on it, but I felt it, just as you feel when your witness is telling you the truth. I promised, and we had an amazingly pleasant half hour. Then Jimmy had to betake himself to Reisling.

"He has been drinking very hard, said Jimmy; but now we have corraled him in his room and taken all his clothes away, except pajamas; so he is just where we want him."

That evening, as I was waiting for Mrs. Reisling in their parior, I had an interesting insight into Jimmy's methods. My client's bedchamber was the next room, for a suit of ready-made clothes.

"'I'll tell you something, Mr. Reisling, responded Jimmy's imperturbable accents. 'I am a gentleman, Kinds haven't enough money to buy a suit of clothes from me

'I don't know why I'm so stuck on you,' Releting whimpered back; 'you're forever slanging me! Why don't I send you off?

" Possibly, you have a drop of sense left, and recog-

nise I sm your only chance of bracing up and living like a man, and not like a dog, says Jimmy, sweetly. Now you lie down, and I'll sing to you.

"Jimmy had a most lovely voice. That was one reason I despaired of him. When so much sensibility and tenderness and indescribable purity of melody get into a voice. It sensors living the limit to a work. voice, it generally implies that the music has sgraped th voice, it generally implies that the music has scraped the fellow's conscience bare; all the pretty things are in the voice, and hone left in the moral nature. But that's merely my theory; myself, I don't know one tune from another without the words. Jimmy did have an angolic voice. Now he began to sing 'Rock Me to Sieep, Mother' in his most affecting manner. Directly, there comes

Then't want me to warble?' says Jimmy, sweetly.
'Want you to sing semething lively,' growin the au-

dience.
"'You don't need anything lively,' answers Jimmy,
placidly; 'what you require is to have your conscience
awakened and your affections touched, and a general kind
of wish-you-were-dead feeling encouraged,

'Mother, come back from the echoless shore.

"'Drop that pillow! You'll have to go without sleeping accommodations, if you hurl them all at me. But anything to please.

"That too melancholy, too?

'See how it sparkles, this drink divine; But all its brightness our eyes outshine!'

"Reisling was quiet now, and he remained quiet, although Jimmy glided into 'Old Folks at Home,' and, when Mrs. Reisling entered, he was singing old-fashloned hymns. She said she didn't know what she should do without Jimmy, and spoke of him with tears in her eyes. Of course, she knew nothing about Jimmy's real name or his relation to my wife. The next morrhing Himmy. or his relation to my wife. The next morning Jimmy appeared at my office again. He was more angry than I ever had seen him; and he explained at length just how Reisling had outwitted him, and escaped when he took the interface to drive. It was comical to watch Jimmy's mounting indignation. Particularly, did he bubble over the drunken cunning and duplicity of his charge.

'They are all like that,' said I, philosophically, and

the red climbed up into the roots of Jimmy's hair.
"'Was I like that?' he burst forth.
"I repeated several episodes which, at the time of action, had amused Jimmy more than his friends. He made no comment. From that time, though, I noticed that he got into the way of comparing his own past with Reisiling's present. The mischlet with Reisiling, said he once, very seriously, is, that he thinks he has a good time, while he is driving his wife crazy with anxiety. vasting his money and ruining his health. Such rot!

But, Lord, din't he an object losson!'
"'I am hoping he will save you, Jimmy,' said I,
'whether you save him or not.'

"Oh, I'm going to save the blooming little cad's sout,"
said Jim, very solemnly, 'if only out of gratitude. That
isn't all; he is really fond of me, and he has some mighty
good streaks; so I am bound to save him. What he needs is an almighty scare. I wish you would go round and talk a little stiff to him' (I was by this time his duly ap-pointed guardian): 'you used to talk uncommonly well, Roger, says Jim, with all the assurance in life, and I believe you might get through the hair with him. I have been at him about his bealth; get him into Severne's hospital—the one I was in, you know—and Severne has kindly collected the grewsomest lot of cases of the effects of alcohol on the human organs, and I am trying to impress Reisling. Yes, Roger, if that follow won't be sweetly persuaded into a better life, he has to be clubbed;

'I wish you could have listened to Jimmy! I used to sit and shake, he was so funny in his dead earnestness, that was so different from the usual manifestations of earnestness. Well, shortly after this conversation, Relaling got his scare. It was this way. Reisling gave the doctor the slip, and Jimmy and I pursued him. We caught our man on a train going downtown, Illinois Central suburban, and crowded. Short as the time of his liberty had boon, he had managed to set himself somi-intoxicated.

"Well, old man, he said, with a foolish smile, 'I knew you would catch me. I don't mind. I have had all

the drinks I want. I'll go with you."

"Jimmy said something amiable, but he quietly took Reisling's hat and stood between him and the door. Reis-Reisling's hat and stood between him and the door. Reisling appeared to go to sleep. But when the train haited at Randolph, he leaped out of his seat and made a dash for the door; and simultaneously, as luck would have it, a lady of huge proportions, dragging after her two large children, rolled toward the door, too. She lurched against Jimmy, and Reisling got past. I was farther down in the car; but I tumbled out somehow, and there in front was Jimmy's gray derby bobbing among the crowd after Reisling's bare head. You know what kind of a station Randolph is, with the huddle of tracks and the crowd, and one pollceman to prevent a slaughter of the crowd, and one policeman to prevent a slaughter of the innocents. Reisling plunged recklessly on the tracks. man's yell. I could see the crowd shiver, and the go white in a second, and the black monster rearing and morting down on them. Jimmy's hands went up in the nir; he was so close to Reisling, I couldn't see either of them. A woman shricked: 'He's down! His shoe's caught!' and there was an awful kind of a groan from the crowd that turned me sick. Then the air seemed to hiss with cinders, and my eyes and mouth were full of them, while I was savagely shouldering and hitting my way to a heap on the platform. Of course, you all an-ticipate: It wasn't Reisling. Oh, no! Reisling had drunkard's luck. He was mouning and crying over Jimmy, who had cut his shoelece and jerked him out of the jaws who nad cut als shoosace and jerked thin cut of the jam of death before they snapped, and had his own leg crushed for his pains. He was senseless with the shock, and didn't e until he was in the ambulance. (Where's Reis"he asked, in his first conscious breath, 'Is he hurt?'
'No; I'm all right, d—n me!' sobs Reisling, who

Jimmy smiled. 'Never mind,' he said, and shut his

"We had an anxious time, but Jimmy recovered, al though he lost his leg. During his illness Reisling was his devoted and most miscrable attendant. A few words from Jimmy insured my giving an expurgated edition of the accident to the women when they came. Said Jimmy 'Roger, you keep an eye on Reisling, wan't you; and dan't let him get discouraged? He has got his scare, and he is sorry enough; he doesn't need to have it rubbed and he is sorry enough; he doesn't need to have it rubbed in. Let it be an accident, simply an accident. Don't spoil the only decent act I ever did in my worthless life by sicking the women on him. If he reforms, and I am almost sure he will, I want the credit of it; so let him come all he will, and don't you monkey with the work of grace. Mind, live or die, it's a bargain.

"However, as you know, Jimmy didn't die, He is any mich ally another more in wiferners with

very much allve, making money, in partnership with Raiph, and his mother's chief anxiety new is lest he fling himself away on some girl not good enough for him. ning nimes! away on some girl not good enough for him. Reisling did reform. I have no great prediction for him to this day myself; he is a Philistine of the Philistines. But he does a good deal of rather estentations good with his money; and I am come to holding that it is better to de good estentationsly, than not to do it at all. One day his wife called Jimmy his good angel. She mistakes, said Jimmy, with unusual gravity, he was mine."

Roger observed that his pipe was out, and shook the tobacco on the hearth. One of the company is of Jiminy's opinion, but she did not speak. The Judge was this first to say anything. He said: "The problem, thousais to find the particular medicine for the particular case."